

DELL  
A Dell comic

SEPTEMBER  
10¢

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

# Roy Rogers

Comics





# Roy Rogers

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN  
POISONED  
WATER

COME ON IN OUT OF THE SUN, ROY, AND CHOW THE FAT WITH ME! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME...

I'LL BE IN LATER, JIM. I THINK YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GALLER!

SHERIFF LANDRY! I AM KENNETH BRANT, FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION... MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU IN YOUR OFFICE?

WHY---WHY SURELY, MR. BRANT! STEP RIGHT INSIDE...

SHERIFF LANDRY, THE SHIENEW DEFENSE PLANT AT BODDIN, BELOW THE RESERVOIR, IS FACING A GRAVE THREAT! YOUR HELP MAY BE IMPORTANT IN REMOVING IT.

---AND YOU, ROY ROGERS, STICK AROUND FOR A FEW MINUTES! YOU'RE STILL CARRYING ONE OF MY DEPUTY BADGES, AND YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS!

OKAY, JIM!

HUH? I'M AT YOUR ORDERS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

AN ASSISTANT ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF THE PLANT'S WATER SYSTEM WAS FOUND INTOXICATED YESTERDAY! HE HAD SHUT OFF THE CHLORINATING APPARATUS, AND A TEST SHOWED THE WATER LOADED WITH THE DEADLY GERMS OF ANTHRAX!

ANTHRAX P. OOOO GRIEF! WE STAMPED THAT KILLER OUT OF THE COW COUNTRY YEARS AGO! WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE WHO KNOWS IT EVEN BETTER THAN I DO---ONE OF MY DEPUTIES---ROY ROGERS! HE'S A LOCAL RANCHER, TOO... I'LL CALL HIM IN!

THAT'S THE QUESTION YOU MAY HELP US TO ANSWER, SHERIFF! YOU KNOW THIS COUNTRY---



FIVE MINUTES LATER, ROY HAS THE WHOLE STORY...

THE PLANTS POLLUTED SYSTEM HAS BEEN SHUT OFF---WATER IS BEING TREATED TO HOW BEST UNTIL WE KNOW HOW THE GERMS GOT THERE, WE CAN'T PREVENT IT FROM HAPPENING AGAIN!

ESPECIALLY IF THE GERMS WERE PUT THERE!

YOU'VE CHECKED THE RESERVOIR AND THE INLET FOR DEAD ANIMALS---OR TRADS THAT MIGHT SHOW WHERE SOMETHING WAS DUMPED IN?

WE'VE CHECKED EVERYTHING, ROGERS---EVEN THE CHANCE THAT A PLANE MIGHT HAVE DONE IT! THERE'S NOT A CLUE!



YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, GENTLEMEN! IF YOU GET ANY IDEAS---OR STILL BETTER, EVIDENCE---THAT MIGHT HELP, CONTACT ME AT ONCE.

WE'LL DO THAT, MR. BRANT! SO LONG...

ALL RIGHT, ROY---SOL'IT WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING THOUGHTFUL LIKE THAT, I KNOW SOMETHING IS COOKING!

IT'S JUST A STORY THAT I HAPPENED TO RECALL, JIM. I'D RATHER NOT TELL YOU ANY MORE, YET...

...BUT I THINK THE FIRST THING I'LL DO IS TO GET BULLET AND TRIGGER AND MYSELF INOCULATED AGAINST ANTHRAX!



TWO DAYS LATER---HIGH  
ON THE MOUNTAIN  
WATERSHED---AT  
SUNDOWN...

UP OVER THIS RIDGE, WE'LL SIGHT  
THE HOGANS OF OLD MAZINI'S  
PEOPLE, TRASHA,



MAZINI WAS ALWAYS A  
GREAT HUNTER AND STORY-  
TELLER! IF THE ONE HE  
TOOK ME OVER THE CAMP-  
FIRE---ABOUT THE  
MOUNTAIN SPRINGS THAT  
GIVES UNDERGROUND---  
IS TRUE, IT MAY BE THE  
CLUE TO THE FLOODING  
OF THE RESERVOIR,



TINO'S GONE! NOBODY'S IN SIGHT AROUND THE  
HOGANS!



ALL THE DOORS ARE SHUT! THAT  
MEANS, THEY'VE SEEN US COMING---  
AND THEY'RE TREATING ME AS A  
STRANGER...



MAZINI! ANAHU!  
HOSTEEN NEZI! WHY  
DO YOU HIDE AMONG  
THE ROCKS AND  
BEHIND CLOSED  
DOORS? I AM, ROY---  
YOUR FRIEND!

SO HOME, WHITE MAN!  
WE NOT KNOW YOU!

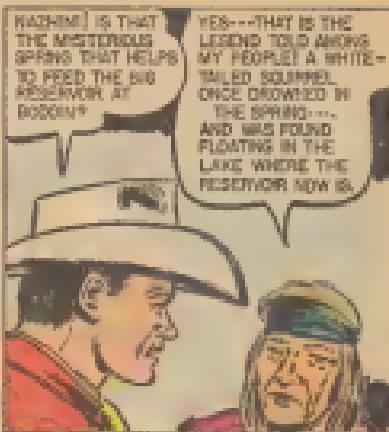


IN FLUENT NAVAJO, ROY ANSWERS...

I KNOW YOUR VOICE, HOSTEEN  
NEZI! TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG!  
AT LEAST LET ME SPEAK WITH OLD  
MAZINI ---









THE FOUR STRANGERS HAVE POLLUTED THE SPRINGS THAT DRAWS UNDERGROUND, AND HAVE OFFENDED THE EARTH SPIRITS! THEY HAVE PAID WITH THEIR LIVES---BUT YOU, TOO, ARE TO BLAME FOR NOT DRIVING THEM AWAY.

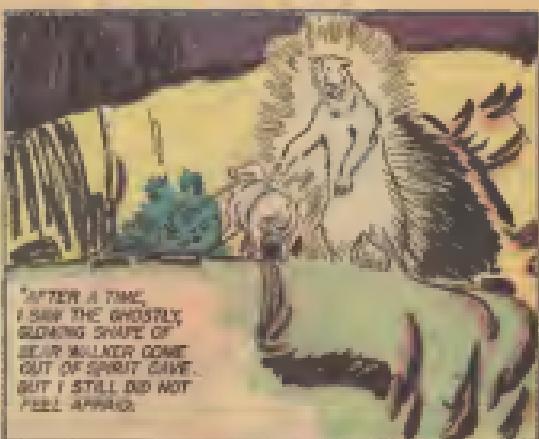
THE BEAR WALKER APPEARED, GLOWING WITH A GHOSTLY LIGHT! OUR LEGENDS SAY THAT SUCH A ONE LIVES IN THE GATE OF SPIRITS.

"THE BEAR WALKER TOLD US, FRIEND RED, THAT EVERY NIGHT, AS A SACRIFICE TO THE EARTH SPIRITS, A LIVING SHEEP MUST BE KILLED OUTSIDE THE SPIRIT GATE--- OR ELSE ONE OF OUR PEOPLE WOULD SICKEN AND DIE!" HE SAID ALSO THAT NO ONE MUST LINGER WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GATE AFTER LEAVING THE SHEEP THERE! HAVING SAID THIS, HE WENT AWAY.





"AMONG THE ROCKS, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CAVE'S MOUTH, I LAY DOWN TO WATCH MY SHEEP..."



"AFTER A TIME, I SAW THE GHOSTLY, GLOWING SHAPE OF BEAR WALKER COME OUT OF SPIRIT CAVE. BUT I STILL DID NOT FEEL AFRAID."



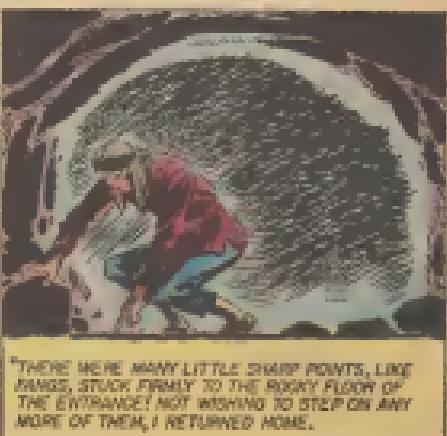
"I WATCHED HIM CARRY MY SHEEP INSIDE..."



"WAITING A LITTLE LONGER, I GOT UP AND FOLLOWED HIM!"



"BUT I DID NOT GET FAR INSIDE! AS I PUT MY FOOT DOWN, SOMETHING PUNCTURED THROUGH THE SOLE OF MY MOCCASIN."

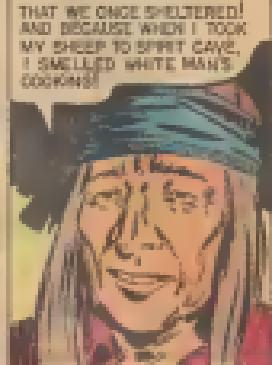


"THERE WERE MANY Little SHARP POINTS, LIKE RAZORS, STUCK FIRMLY TO THE ROCKY FLOOR OF THE ENTRANCE! NOT WISHING TO STEP ON ANY MORE OF THEM, I RETURNED HOME."

THE NEXT DAY, BOY, THE POISON STARTED TO WORK IN MY FOOT. WHEN I COULD NO LONGER WALK, MY PEOPLE SHUT ME IN HERE WITH FOOD AND WATER---TO DIE! THEY SAID IT WAS BEAR WALKER'S CURSE.

UNHUNHUN! YOU WEREN'T AFRAID OF BEAR WALKER? MIND TELLING ME WHY?

BECAUSE HE SPOKE WITH THE LISP OF LIMPING TONGUE, A NOGOOD HALF-BREED OUT THAT WE ONCE SHELTERED! AND BECAUSE WHEN I TOOK MY SHEEP TO SPIRIT CAVE, I SMELLED WHITE MAN'S COOKING!



SUDDENLY, TRIGGER WHIRLS---AND SHIES AWAY IN FRIGHT---AT SOMETHING THAT IS NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST!



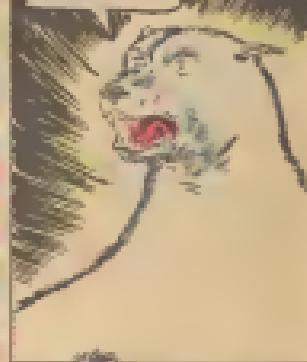
GLORIOUS PALELY IN THE DARKNESS, A HULKING FIGURE RISES INTO VIEW.



BEAR WALKER! YES---THERE IS A STRANGER---IN THE HOGAN OF NAZIN! HAVE YOU COME FOR HIM?



KILL THE WHITE MAN---NOW! OR I WILL SEND THE SICKNESS...



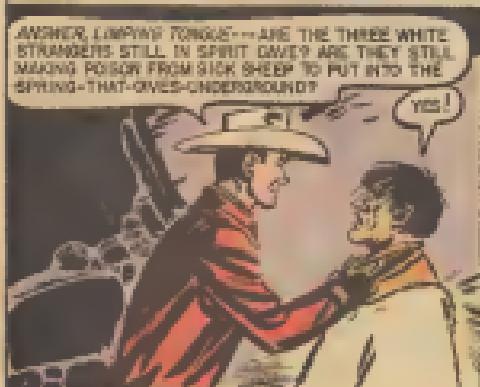
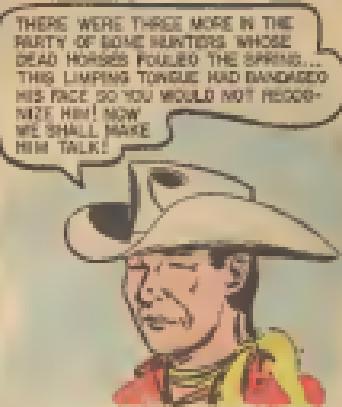
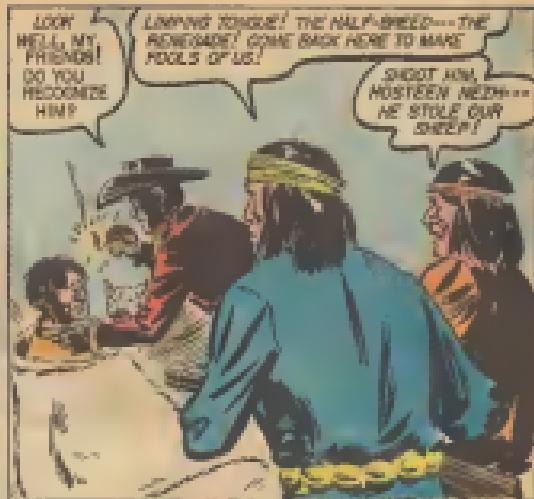
YOU'LL SEND NOTHING! ARE YOU AFRAID TO TAKE ME ON YOURSELF---LAWLESS TONKUE?



IN THE APPARITION'S "PAW" A GUN BLASTS OUT TWO HURLED SHOTS.







ANAHUAC! MOSTREEN NEZH! BRING CLOTH FOR STOPPING THIS RENEGADE'S MOUTH! I AM TAKING HIM TO THE CAVE, AND HE MUST NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE WARNING.



ALL RIGHT! NOW---PULL TOGETHER YOUR BEAR WALKER COSTUME, AND PUT ON YOUR MASK!



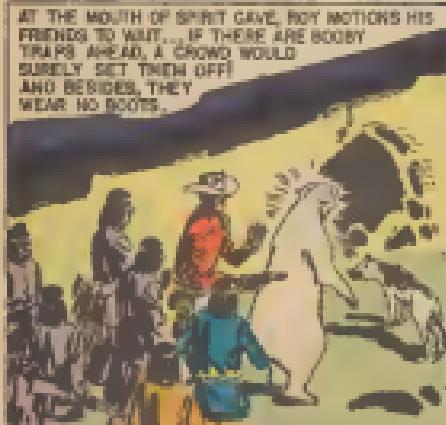
START MOVING! WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO THE CAVE---AND ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO ME HAPPENS TO YOU---UNDERSTAND?



AS SILENT AS SHADOWS, THE ARMED AND ANGRY NAVAJOS FOLLOW ROY DOWN THE TRAIL...



AT THE MOUTH OF SPIRIT CAVE, ROY MARCHES HIS FRIENDS TO WAIT. IF THERE ARE BOOBY TRAPS AHEAD, A CROWD WOULD SURELY SET THEM OFF! AND BEIDES, THEY WEAR NO BOOTS.



TO REE, BULLET!  
OH, BEAR WALKER---  
MOVE SLOWLY, BECAUSE  
MY GUN WILL BE  
POKING AT YOUR  
KIDS! TAKE ME  
TO YOUR FRIENDS!



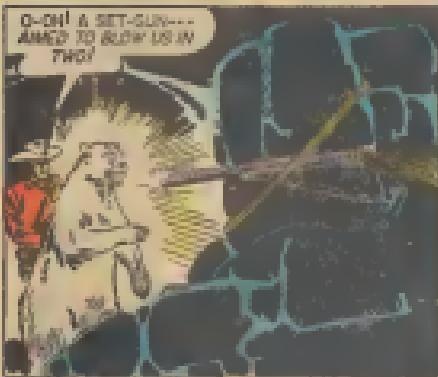
SHUFFLING SLOWLY, BEAR WALKER LEADS ALONG A NARROW PATH THAT WINDS THROUGH THE CARPET OF POISONED TACKS



IN THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE ENTRANCE, BEAR WALKER STOOPS TO UNITE A NEARLY INVISIBLE BLACK THREAD.



O-OH! A SET-GUN... AIMED TO BLOW US IN TWO!



KEEP ON, YOU HIRED DOGGER! I WANT TO MEET THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS SETUP!



WHAT'S THAT? OH---I KNOW NOW! IT'S THE WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THIS CAVE---AND MAKES THE INDIANS THINK OF SPIRITS! GO ON, MR. BEAR WALKER!



I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THAT WIND COMES FROM! PROBABLY NO ONE WILL EVER FIND OUT!



BEYOND THE  
WINDY CREVICE...  
A SHADOWY  
CAVERA OPENS...

NOW I SMELL IT---  
GARLIC COOKING!  
LEAD ON  
MACDUFF!

AND BEYOND  
THE BIG  
CAVERA...

THIS SHEEP IS DEAD --- READY TO MAKE  
MORE GERM CULTURE TO DUMP IN THE  
SPRING...

YOU FOOL, ALDO!  
DON'T BRING  
IT IN HERE  
WHERE WE  
EAT!

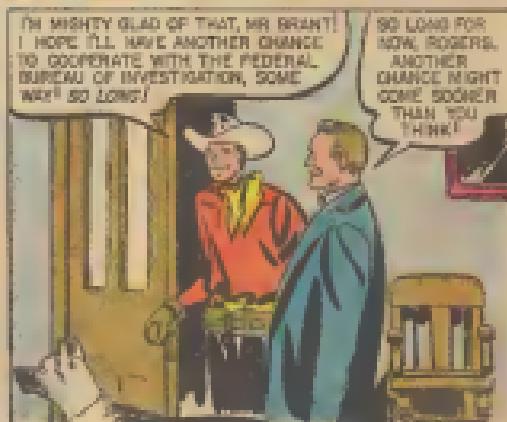
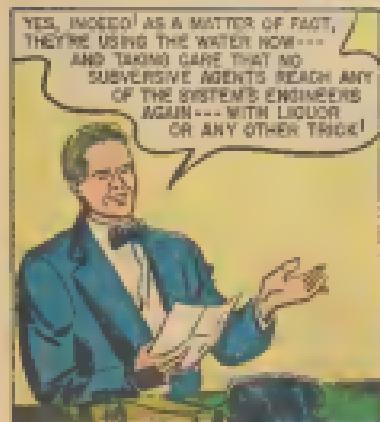
SO! YOU'RE BACK, BEAR WALKER! DID  
YOU ORDER AN EXTRA SHEEP FOR  
US --- AND THROW A GOOD  
SCARE INTO THOSE  
INDIANS?

HE DID --- BUT THE LITTLE GAME IS FINISHED!  
REACH HIGH AND QUICK!

AAAHHH!

WHO---?





# ROY ROGERS

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN  
A CHALLENGE  
IN THE BIG BEND

DOWN THERE, TRIGGER, IS A TOWN THAT TIME FORGOT! IF WE DON'T COME OUT ALIVE, I RECKON WE'LL BE FORGOTTEN, TOO.



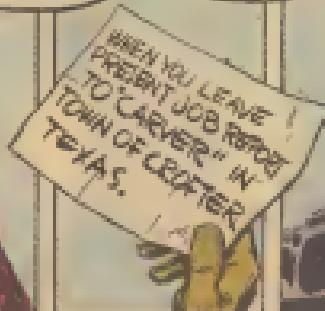
DROPPED INTO A FOLD OF THE BARREN CHIHUAHUA MOUNTAINS OF THE TEXAS BIG BEND, IS THE TINY TOWN OF CROFTER---WHOSE MAIN BUSINESS HAS CHANGED FROM MINING TO RUSTLING TO BRUISING---AND HOW IS AN OPEN QUESTION! A STRANGE SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES HAS LED ROY TO THIS DUSTY TRAIL'S END.

I RECKON I'LL TAKE ONE MORE LOOK AT THIS NOTE, BEFORE WE RIDE ON...I CORED IT FROM MY MEMORY OF A NOTE I FOUND IN THE POCKET OF THAT SABOTEUR I CAUGHT IN SPITZ CAVE. TURNED OVER THE ORIGINAL NOTE TO THE

F.B.I. . .

I RECKON "CARVER" IS HIS "COVER NAME" BULLET! ONE THING IS SURE---HE'S AN ENEMY OF THIS COUNTRY, AND HIS BUSINESS MAY BE ANYTHING THAT WILL HURT THE PEOPLE OF THE U.S. OR THEIR DEFENSE EFFORT! SO HE'S OUR ENEMY, TOO!

RAH-RHOW!



IT'S A CHALLENGE WE COULDN'T PASS UP. BULLET! A CHALLENGE TO SMELL OUT THIS FURNITURE AGENT AND BREAK UP HIS DIRTY GAME ---WHATEVER IT IS!



RIDING INTO GROFFER'S SINGLE STREET, ROY HEADS FOR THE LIVERY BARN...TRIGGER'S NEEDS COME FIRST.

"CHOLLA CURIO COMPANY? WHAT A NAME!"



RESTAURANT

NOW, I'LL FEED MY OWN FACE---AND MAYBE ASK SOME QUESTIONS.



WHAT'LL IT BE, GORDON--- HAM, BEEF OR EGGS?

HAM AND EGGS, SISTER--- AND WRECK 'EM! AND GOLD HAM FOR MY DOG!



YOU JUST DRIFTING THROUGH, HANDSOME? NOT MUCH REAL COW BUSINESS COMES TO TOWN ANY MORE.

UH-HUH---JUST DRIFTING, MIGHT TAKE A JOB WITH SOME COW OUTFIT--- OR TRY MY HAND AT PROSPECTING.

THERE AREN'T ANY OTHER INDUSTRIES IN THIS ROOMING METROPOLIS, ARE THERE?

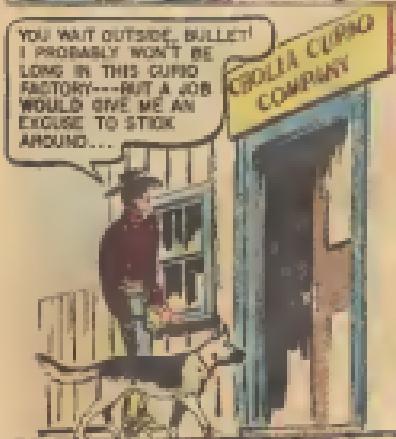
HOPE NOT UNLESS YOU COUNT THE CHOLLA CURIO COMPANY! THEY MAKE DUDE FURNITURE AND 1000 DADS OUT OF DRIED CHOLLA STEM---BUT THEY HIRE SPANISH AMERICANS, MOSTLY.



THEY MIGHT NEED A COWBOY IN  
THEIR BUSINESS! NO HARM TO  
ASK---EH, BULLETS?

OH, BY THE WAY---DOES ANYBODY  
NAMED GARDNER LIVE  
AROUND HERE, SISTER?

NOT UNLESS HE'S  
CHANGED HIS NAME!  
THAT HAPPENS!  
COME BACK WHEN  
YOU'RE HUNGRY,  
COWBOY!



NO! WE HAVE TO  
JOSS OPEN! GOOD-  
BYE!

OH---YOUR NAME WOULDN'T BE  
CARVER, BY ANY CHANCE?

CLOSE THE DOOR---QUICKLY!  
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IN  
THE FIRST PLACE? SHUT  
THAT DOOR!



CLEVER IDEA! I  
RECKON YOU SHIP  
THESE ANYWHERE  
IN THE COUNTRY,  
CARVER?

OF COURSE! THE CHOLLA IS  
EASILY HOLLOWED OUT FOR  
OUR PURPOSE. BUT WE HAVE  
NO TIME FOR QUARRELS! A  
SHIPMENT IS DUE TONIGHT,  
AND I NEED A TRUSTED MAN  
TO BRING IT IN!

INWARDLY EXULTING AT HIS LUCK, ROY  
KEEPS HIS VOICE EXPRESSIONLESS.



THEN YOU WILL START  
AT ONCE! RIDE TO THE  
VALLEY FIVE MILES  
WEST OF TOWN---YOU  
WILL HAVE JUST  
ENOUGH TIME! BUILD  
A CAMPFIRE NEAR TO  
THE BOAT-SHAPED  
ROCK. THE PLANE WILL  
FLY OVER AT DUSK!  
THAT IS ALL---

---EXCEPT YOUR  
COVER NAME! I  
WILL NEED IT  
FOR MY REPORT.

IT'S BEEN  
CHANGED; YOU  
CAN JUST CALL  
ME "LUCKY"---

UH! SPO! I'LL KILL---





TEN MINUTES LATER, LUCK STAYS WITH BOY, AS HE RIDES OUT OF TOWN WITH HIS STILL-LIMP CAPTIVE IN THE SUGGY SACKS.



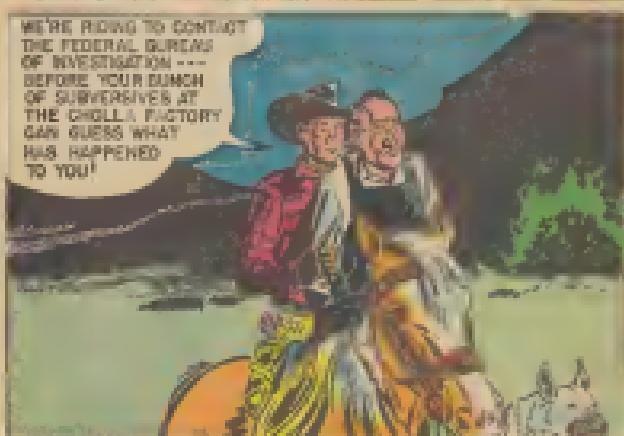
YOU CAN RIDE IN THE SADDLE THE REST OF THE WAY---IF YOU'LL BEHAVE YOURSELF! OTHERWISE THE SACKS GO BACK ON YOU AGAIN---SAVVY?



...AND HERE'S THE "BOAT-SHAPED ROCK" WE MADE IT JUST AT SURDDOM!







# ROY ROGERS

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

UNLESS THERE'S A  
PASS THROUGH THAT  
LONG MESA ---

IN  
COWARD'S CACHE



--IT LOOKS AS  
IF WE'D LOST OUR  
WAY, TRIGGER! THAT'S  
WHAT COMES OF TAKING  
A SHORT CUT THROUGH  
STRANGE COUNTRY! I  
RECKON WE WON'T  
FIND THE SILVER  
STREAK MINE BY  
SUNDOWN---



--BUT MAYBE THIS GAP WILL  
LEAD OUT TO THE ROAD.



WHAO-UP! SOME-  
THING ROTTEN IS  
GOING ON HERE,  
TRIGGER! --



DON'T ANSWER ME BACK,  
YOU COWARD PUP! I  
START TAKIN' DOWN  
THAT FENCE, OR  
I'LL PEEL YOU --





The force of the  
project rocks kept  
the center of his horse...





YOU WON'T DARE—ANY MORE  
THAN YOU DID WHEN MY  
BROTHER BEN WAS HOME!  
YOU FRAMED HIM FOR THAT  
PAY ROLL ROBBERY, KORN  
MAYLOR! I BET YOU ROBBED  
IT YOURSELF! AND I BET BEN  
KNEW WHERE YOU HID IT—  
AND SHOWED YOU UP!

THAT BURE GOT UNDER  
HIS NICE, PARDNER! TELL  
ME MORE ABOUT THIS  
PAY ROLL ROBBERY—  
WHAT PAY ROLL?

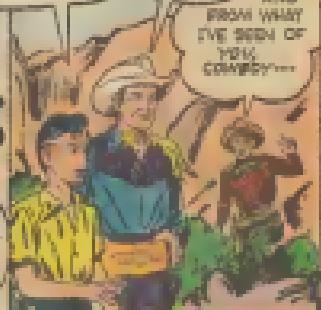
THE ONLY MAN IN  
THIS COUNTRY WOULD  
BE MEAN ENOUGH  
TO DO THAT TRICK  
IS KORN MAYLOR!

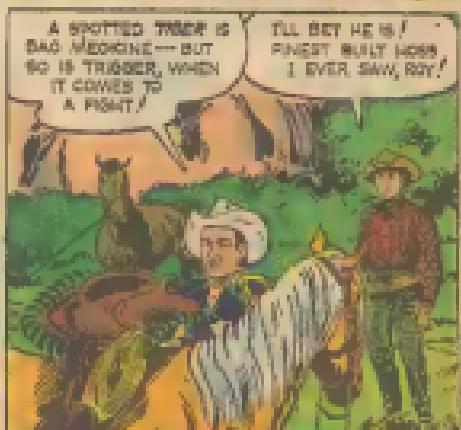
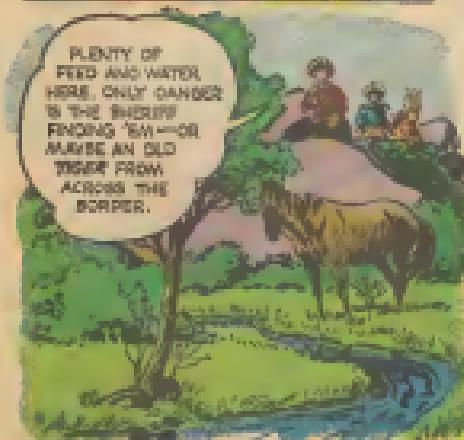
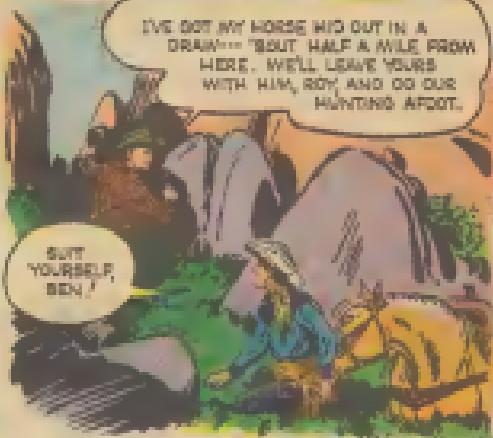
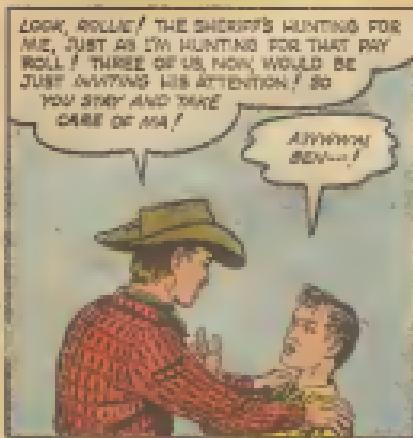
FROM WHAT I'VE  
BEEN TELL OF HIM, I  
RECKON YOU'RE  
RIGHT, BONNY—

—AND  
FROM WHAT  
I'VE BEEN TELL  
OF YOUR  
COMPANY...



THE SILVER STREAK,  
MINE'S! BEN WAS AWAY  
FROM HOME—AND SOME-  
BODY DRESSED LIKE HIM  
HELD UP THE PAY ROLL  
CAR TWO DAYS AGO—



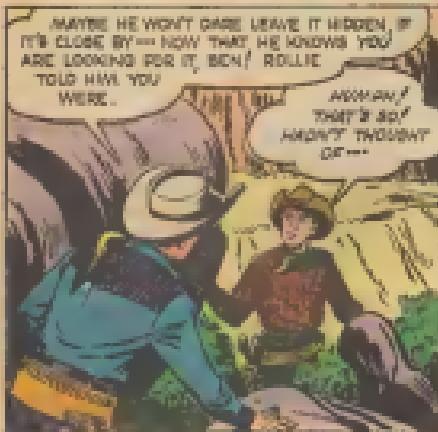


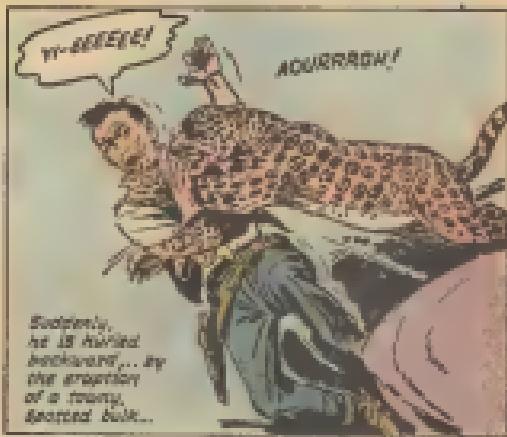
RIGHT HERE WAS WHERE THE DAY ROLL CAR WAS ROBBED, TWO DAYS AGO! I FOUND THE TRACKS OF THE ROBBER'S BOOTS.

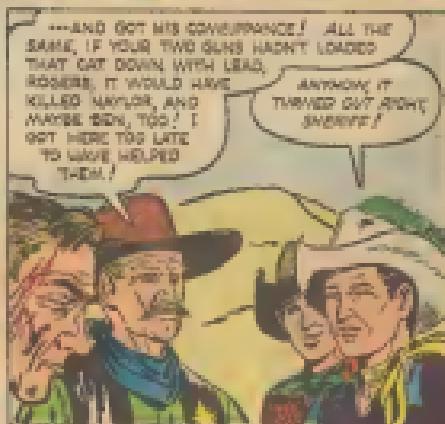
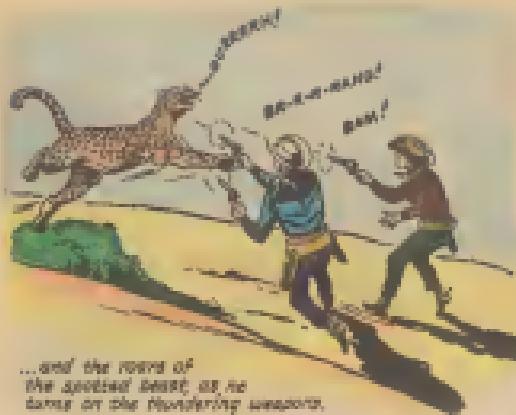
HOW BIG YOU DOGUE THE SHERIFF NOW?

MY KID BROTHER, ROLIE, WAS LISTENING, WHEN THE PURSE CAME TO THE HOUSE, LOOKING FOR ME. HE BONKED OUT AND FOUND ME IN THE BRUSH, LOOKING FOR STRAPS.

I FIGURE THAT MARLOW MUST HAVE HID THE STUFF CLOSE BY. HE WOULDN'T DARE CARRY IT FAR OR KEEP IT AROUND HIM UNTIL I'M SAFE IN JAIL.







# ROY ROGERS

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

A GANG OF GRUFFED TRAMPS.  
TRAMP! A POOR PLACE  
TO ASK FOR HELP.  
BUT...

IN  
ROY PLAYS  
A HUNCH

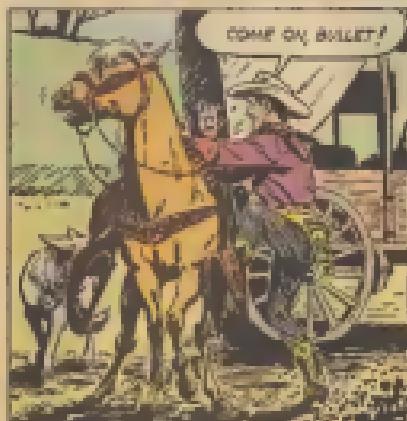
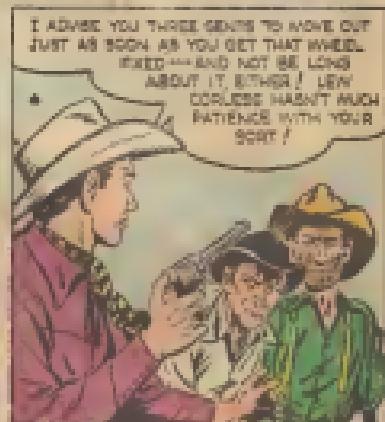
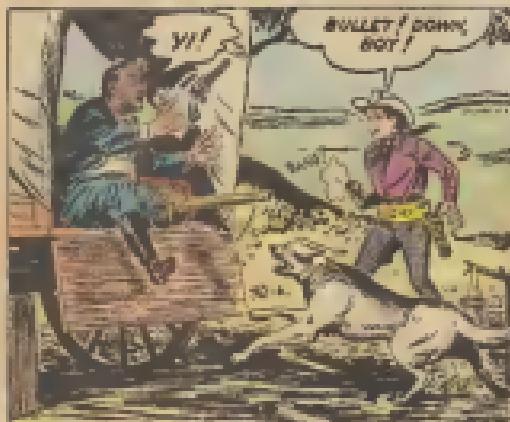
MY NAME'S ROGERS—A FRIEND OF LEW CORLETT, WHOSE LAND YOU ARE CAMPING ON? ONE OF LEW'S COWS IS CAUGHT IN A DEEP WASH, NEAR HERE—  
TOO DEEP FOR ANY ONE HORSE TO HELP HER!  
BUT WITH YOUR TEAM—

WHAT IF  
OUR HORSES ARE  
LAME, ANTED?

DAINE HORSES COULD  
DO THIS JOB—AND IT WOULD  
BEST OF FAY LEW CORLETT FOR  
YOUR CAMPING PRIVILEGES!  
BETTER THINK OF THAT,  
TOO!

HEY! DROP THAT, YOU!  
DROP IT!

DROP IT, POSSUMS  
YOU—OR SEE—



THE NEXT  
ADVENTURE...

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO  
TAKE THAT BANK BABE RANCH  
PROPERTY OFF YOUR HANDS,  
ROY! THE BUSINESS AT THE  
BANK WON'T TAKE US  
LONG...

I HAVE  
BUNTY OF  
TIME, LON.

ONE, BOY! WE'LL HAVE A HOLIDAY!  
AND ON THE WAY HOME, WE'LL HAVE  
A LOOK AT THOSE WAGON TRAINS!  
TO GIVE 'EM A NEW WHEEL, JUST TO  
GET THEM OFF MY LAND.

WAIT FOR ME,  
SHERIFF!

HARRY UP! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH  
MEN TO CHASE THOSE ROBBERS---  
BUT NOT ENOUGH TIME!

HEAR THAT,  
ROT--?

COUNT US IN, SHERIFF!  
TELL US ABOUT IT  
LATER!

CHARGE DENTS!  
RAISE YOUR RIGHT  
HAND AND  
SWEAR--

NOW YOU'RE ALL DEPUTIZED!  
GUNN! HIT THE BREATH!  
THEIR WHEAT TRUCK LEAD  
NORTH OUT OF TOWN!

NOW, TELL US, HARRY---  
WHO ARE WE AFTER?

Bank ROBBERS!  
WOUNDED A TELLER--  
CLEANED OUT THE  
VAULT!

WHAT DID THEY  
LOOK LIKE,  
HARRY?

ONE TALL, BROWN HAIR---AND  
ONE SHORT, FAT ONE...WEARING  
BANDANAS OVER THEIR FACES...  
THIRD MAN HELD THEIR HORSES  
READY! THEY GOT THIRTY  
THOUSAND CASH!

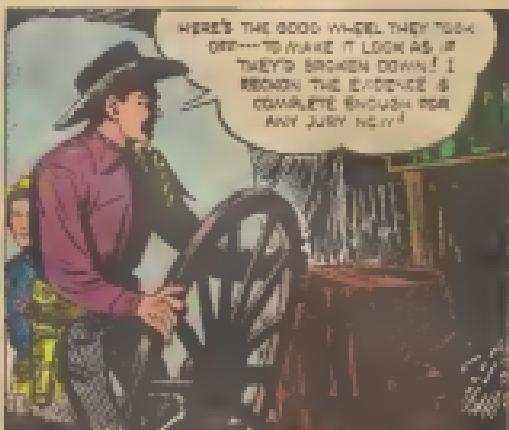
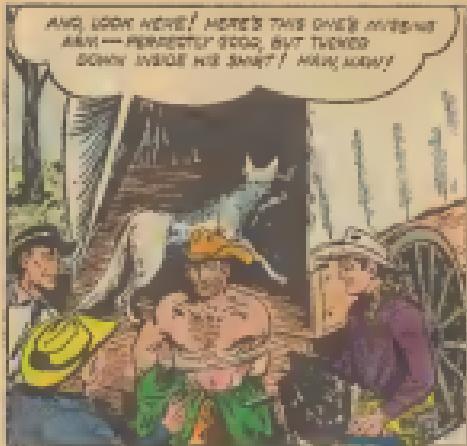












# The OREGON TRAIL



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Bobby Mackay held tightly to his small sister's hand, as the rough plank box was lowered into the grave. Susan was sniffing, and even wee Mary the two-year-old was whimpering a little, but Bobby was ten years old, and the man of the family now. He couldn't cry. Not even if it was his own Dad in that rough plank box!

But Bobby could and did remember his Dad's words: "Care for your wee sisters, say your prayers, and keep your eyes on the trail ahead! The Oregon Trail, Bobby, lad!"

A big hand pressed gently on Bobby's shoulder, and a man's voice spoke kindly. "There's room in our wagon for you three, Bobby Mackay! Move your things tonight, for we start for California in the morning."

Bobby swallowed hard—and found his voice.

"Thank ye kindly, Master Dakin," he replied. "But we three will keep our own wagon, and the Oregon Trail. It was Dad's wish."

"You cannot!" Dakin the bearded pioneer said sharply. "None of our company are headed for Oregon. And when we picked you up, with your broken-down wagon, your own wagon train was already too far ahead to overtake. Now, let's have no more foolish talk, Bobby! If you children wish, you may sleep in your own wagon tonight. In the morning I'll try to find a driver for it."

The gruff, well-meaning man turned away. He did not see Bobby's small fist clenched with

determination—or the rebellious look on his face.

In the morning's bustle the Mackay wagon was more or less forgotten. That suited Bobby perfectly. He could have harnessed the four mules as quickly as most men could, but he deliberately took more time. When the long wagon train swung into the branch of the trail that led to California, his wagon fell in behind all the others. Mr. Dakin did ride back to make sure it was following, and give Bobby a nod of approval—but that was all. The little girls on the seat watched the rider with solemn eyes, as he reined away.

"Are we truly on the Oregon Trail?" asked Sue of her "big" brother.

"No," replied Bobby, with a frown. "But we will be! We can't turn back now, or they'd chase us and take the wagon away from us. But our time will come."

The chance came on the second day.

The next wagon ahead was pulling out of sight as Bobby's entered the deepest gully of all. There was water flowing, a few inches deep at the bottom—enough to hide the tracks of a dozen horses. Bobby stopped his team there.

One by one, he unharnessed them, and cinched on the three pack saddles that his father had always carried in the wagon. On the pack saddles he tied the socks that held the clothes, food, blankets and equipment most needed. A light load for fast traveling!

On the fourth mule he placed his father's riding saddle—and mounted, with Wee Mary the baby in front of him.

Susan, already astride the next mule's load, picked up her reins.

"Follow me as close as you can, Sue," her brother commanded. "We'll ride farther down the gulch. The water will hide our tracks. After dark we'll come back and head for OREGON!"

All that night Bobby rode, with Baby Mary held snugly in the crook of his arm. At his knee, in the saddle's built-in holster, bulked the big cavalry pistol, with its five chambers loaded, and its copper percussion caps in place. Bobby's Dad had let him fire it many times, holding its weight in both hands. Sometimes in the days and nights to come, it might save him and his sisters from the treacherous Digger Indians.

For the next two weeks they rode mostly at night—whenever the rutted Oregon Wagon Trail could be followed by moonlight. Sue was tied to her pack saddle, so that she could sleep without falling off. The mules traveled fast—on the three sacks of grain they carried, while it lasted—without grain when it was gone. They made thirty miles before stopping. At the end of two weeks they were slowing down, but the wagon tracks ahead of them were fresh!

Their own wagon train was just ahead!

In the morning they saw its dust, rising beyond a long hill. The hill rose from a forked valley, where trees and brush grew, and the wagon tracks wound up the long slope.

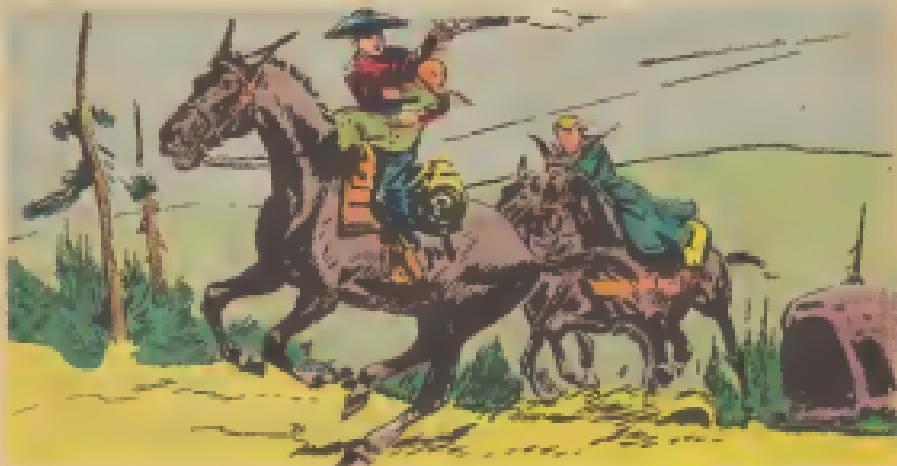
Tears of relief started down Bobby Mackay's dust-dusted cheeks. He was thin and tauter even than his sister Sue. That dust cloud ahead meant people—their own people! And safety, and food and rest! Bobby wanted to shout and laugh and cry, all at once, until he saw—

Painted Indians, riding up the two draws that flanked the hill. They were going to take the wagon train by surprise—unless he warned it! Unless he timed it right—and GOT THROUGH.

When the last Indian was nearly out of sight, Bobby drew his cavalry pistol, and kicked his mount into a run. Tied in line, the other mules followed.

Indian whoops and the ZZIP-ZZIP of arrows overtook him, as he topped the hill. But the Emigrant Train was in sight now. They had heard his warning shot! They were forming a wagon circle! Armed men were riding out to meet the racing mules!

And so it was that Bobby Mackay and his small sisters earned their welcome—on THE OREGON TRAIL!



# CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

BARELY MOVING HIS LIPS, CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY BREATHES A WARNING: THE LONG "STILL-HUNT" IS OVER...

PETE! THERE'S THAT BOBCAT OUR BOB HAS BEEN TRAILIN' GET HIM!



I SEE  
HIM--

BOBBY

A TANNY SHADOW, THE LYNN, BOUNDS  
OUT OF SIGHT



I MISSED  
HIM, CHARLEY!

DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT THAT, PETE! EVERY HUNTER MISSES A SHOT NOW AND THEN-- AND A BOBCAT IS THE HARDEST THING TO HIT!



TIME TO EAT OUR LUNCH, PETE! SIT DOWN, AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT AIN'T BOBCATS I MISSED-- CRITTERS THAT COST ME PLENTY, LATER ON.

A STORY?  
SAY, YOU  
NEVER TOLD  
ME THAT ONE,  
CHARLEY!

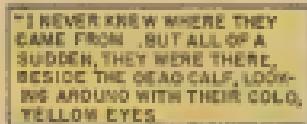




"I HAD A LITTLE COW OUTFIT OF MY OWN, UP IN IDAHO, THE SPRING WHEN IT HAPPENED... A PAIR OF BIG CANADA LYNNES, OR LUCIVEES, STARTED KILLING MY CALVES.



"KNOWING THAT A LUCIVEE WILL COME BACK TO A FRESH KILL FOR ANOTHER MEAL, I PICKED A PLACE DOWNWIND FROM THE CALF, AND WAITED FOR MOONLIGHT



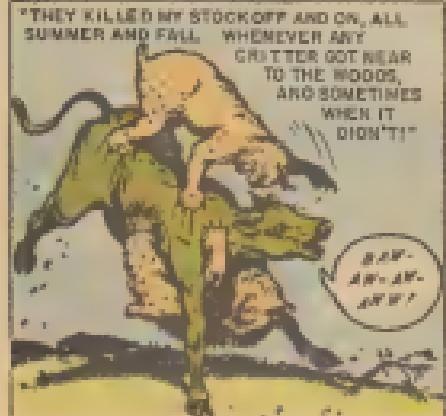
"I NEVER KNEW WHERE THEY CAME FROM, BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, THEY WERE THERE, BESIDE THE DEAD CALF, LOOKING AROUND WITH THEIR COLORED, YELLOW EYES.



"I CUT LOOSE WITH MY RIFLE, BUT MOONLIGHT IS TRICKY, AND I ONLY BURNED THE MALE LUCIVEE'S RUMP."

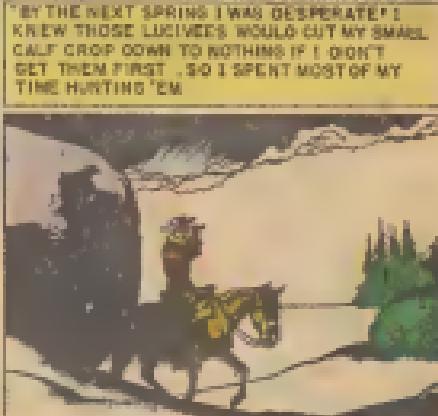


"THEY VANISHED LIKE A COUPLE OF PUFFS OF DUST... AND I NEVER GOT ANOTHER SHOT AT THEM THAT YEAR



"THEY KILLED MY STOCK OFF AND ON, ALL SUMMER AND FALL. WHENEVER ANY CRITTER GOT NEAR TO THE WOODS, AND SOMETIMES WHEN IT DIDN'T!"

BOB  
BROWN  
ARTIST



"BY THE NEXT SPRING I WAS DESPERATE! I KNEW THOSE LUCIVEES WOULD CUT MY SMALL CALF CROP DOWN TO NOTHING IF I DIDN'T GET THEM FIRST, SO I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME HUNTING 'EM."

ONE DAY I FOUND A HOLE IN THE ROCKS, WITH LYX TRACKS LEADING IN AND OUT, IN THE FRESH SNOW! I'D FOUND THE SHE-LUCIVEE'S DEN, ANYHOW.



"I CRAWLED IN.  
MRS. LYX  
WASN'T AT  
HOME..."



"...BUT  
HER KITTENS  
WERE THE  
LITTLE MIS-  
CHIEFS STOOD  
HUMPING  
THEIR BACKS  
UP AND  
SPITTING  
AT ME LIKE  
GROWN-UP  
LUCIVES! I  
SURE  
LIKED THEIR  
SPUNK, AND  
HATED THE  
THOUGHT  
OF KILLING  
EM."



AND TOOK HIM HOME! I FIGURED TO COME  
BACK WITH A STRONG BASKET AND GET THE  
OTHERS. MATEE A CITY SPORT WOULD BUY  
THEM OFF ME, FOR A GOOD PRICE."

"IT WAS THE FOLLOWING SPRING... ABOUT THE TIME THE MULE DEER HAVE THEIR LITTLE Fawns... I GLIMPSED A MOVEMENT DOWN IN A DEEP, MOODY GULCH, AND PUT MY BINOCULARS ON IT



"AS I WATCHED, THE DOE SPUN AROUND WITH A WHISTLE OF FRIGHT AND ANGER! I SAW WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS... A PAIR OF LYNXES CROUCHED NOT THIRTY FEET FROM HER!"



"I COULDN'T MAKE UP MY MIND WHAT TO DO... SO I TOOK ANOTHER LOOK THROUGH MY GLASSES.



"THERE WAS A NEWBORN MULE DEER FAWN, IN A HOLLOW AT THE FOOT OF A CLIFF... AND ITS MOTHER WAS LICKING IT DRY.

"I COULD SCARE THOSE CATS WITH A SHOT... BUT MY WINCHESTER CARBINE WASN'T LONG RANGE ENOUGH TO HIT 'EM ON THE OTHER HAND, IF I LET 'EM MAKE THEIR KILL, MAYBE I COULD SNEAK UP AND HAIL 'EM BOTH!"



"THIS TIME I SAW TWO MULE DEER! ONE WAS A BIG BUCK... WITHOUT HORNS, OF COURSE, SINCE IT WAS SPRINGTIME! THE DOE'S WHISTLE HAD BROUGHT HIM TO PROTECT HER AND THE FAWN.



"THE NEXT THING I SAW MADE ME BLINK AND LOOK AGAIN! FIVE OF THE CATS WERE CREEPING UP ON THE DEER. THE TWO OLD ONES, AND THE CUBS I'D MISSED KILLING IN THEIR DEN!"



"HORNS GAVE THOSE LUCYVEES COURAGE THAT A PAIR OF 'EM MIGHT NOT HAVE SHOWN! A MULET'S HOOFS CAN SLASH LIKE KNIVES WITH THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF MUSCLE BEHIND THEM! TWO JUMPED FOR THE BUCK... ANOTHER: THE DOG...

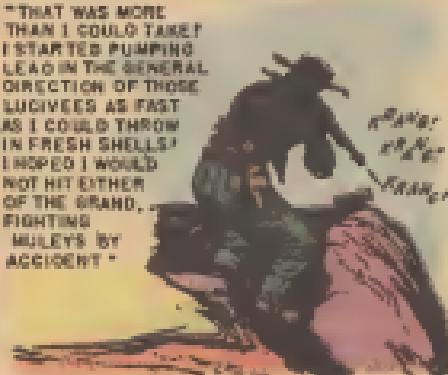


"THE BUCK KNOCKED ONE CAT SPINNING! THE SECOND GOT A CLAW HOLD ON HIS NECK."



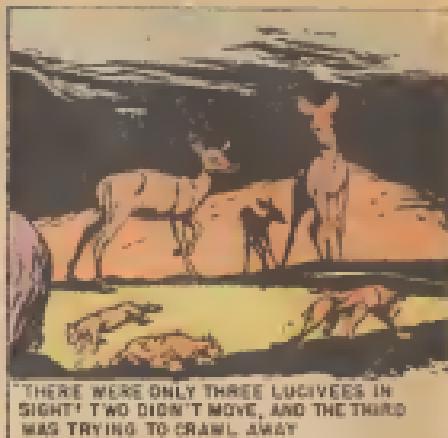
"THE DOG WAS GOING ALL RIGHT, TOO..."

"THAT WAS MORE THAN I COULD TAKE! I STARTED PUMPING LEAD IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THOSE LUCYVEES AS FAST AS I COULD THROW IN FRESH SHELLS! I HOPE I WOULD NOT HIT EITHER OF THE GRAND, FIGHTING MULET'S BY ACCIDENT!"



"...UNTIL SHE LOWERED HER GUARD TO SAVE HER FAWN. THEN ONE OF THE YOUNG LYNXES LANDED ON HER BACK."

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# BARBED WIRE



WHEN JOSEPH F. GLIDDEN INVENTED BARBED WIRE, FARMERS AND RANCHERS PUT IT TO USE AS QUICKLY AS THEY COULD. MOST OF THE NATION'S CATTLE RANCHING WAS DONE IN AREAS WHERE TREES WERE VERY SCARCE—LUMBER FOR FENCES WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO OBTAIN. BUT THREE STRANDS OF BARBED WIRE, BOUND TOGETHER BY THE POINTED BARBS THEMSELVES COULD HOLD BACK THE FIERCEST LONGHORN STEER. GLIDDEN'S INVENTION CAUSED TWO THINGS—THE END OF OPEN RANGE RANCHING AND LOTS OF BLOODSHELD. CATTLEMEN RESISTED THE USE OF BARBED WIRE BY FARMERS BECAUSE IT PREVENTED THE FREE PASSAGE OF TRAIL HERDS. RANCHERS FOUGHT AMONG THEMSELVES. BIG RANCH COMBINES, WITH ENOUGH GRASS, FENCED THEIR LAND AND KEPT THE SMALL RANCHERS OUT. RANGE WAR AFTER RANGE WAR HELPED TO WEAKEN THE OLD-FASHIONED CATTLE INDUSTRY.

TODAY, MOST STATES HAVE TAKEN THE FREE RANGE LAWS OFF THEIR STATUTE BOOKS AND BARBED WIRE IS THE MEANS BY WHICH RANCHERS MAKE THEIR PROPERTY LINES OBSERVED. EVEN IN THE MODERN WEST, ANYONE CAUGHT CUTTING FENCE IS IN FOR LOTS OF TROUBLE.





# PREACHER ROE

## SPARKS in Pitching Duel!

IT'S THE 14TH INNING OF A GRUELING PITCHER'S BATTLE. DODGERS LEAD 2 TO 1. BUT PREACHER ROE IS IN TROUBLE! . . .

